

An Understated Dominance [On-Going]

Chapter 2562

After an entire night of nonstop attacks, Zeus and Hera were drenched in sweat and gasping for air.

But the moment they saw a crack form at the top of the golden pagoda, their exhaustion turned into excitement.

“Hahahaha! So you *can* break! I was starting to think you were really indestructible!” Zeus burst out laughing.

Since becoming King of the Gods, he had never worked this hard. He had spent the whole night blasting a single pagoda.

It had been exhausting—but the outcome made it all worth it.

“This pagoda’s pretty impressive to have held us off for so long,” Hera said, pausing to catch her breath.

Even though her energy output wasn’t as intense as Zeus’s, she was just as drained.

But now, finally, the end was in sight.

“Hera! Don’t miss this chance. Let’s finish this thing off—together!” Zeus called out.

He might be laughing and exhausted, but he wasn’t about to let his guard down. The pagoda had to be completely destroyed before he could relax.

“Alright! Let’s do it!” Hera took a deep breath and powered up again. Behind her, hundreds of black ice cones materialized.

At the same time, Zeus raised both arms high, gathering a ball of lightning between his hands.

Within seconds, they launched another joint attack, unleashing everything they had on the golden pagoda.

“Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang—”

With a thunderous crash, the pagoda began to shake violently.

Its internal energy had already been drained; now it was relying solely on its physical structure to withstand their assault.

Their combined power tore more cracks into the golden exterior.

Seeing that, the two gods went all in, striking harder and faster, pushing through their exhaustion.

In their eyes, once the pagoda was down, the monks inside wouldn't stand a chance.

As for Logan—rumor had it he was still seriously injured from his last battle with Poseidon. He wasn't even on their radar as a threat.

So now, Zeus and Hera were going all out, without any hesitation.

Meanwhile, in the ancient temple's backyard...

Grace, seated in meditation, was pale, with blood trickling from the corners of her mouth.

The Golden Glazed Tower was her life-bound protective artifact. Any damage to the tower also injured her.

She had done everything she could to hold out until now.

But Zeus and Hera's combined strength was simply overwhelming. Since teaming up, their attacks had become twice as devastating.

No matter how powerful a divine artifact might be, it couldn't withstand endless strikes from two top-tier grandmasters.

Boom, boom, boom...

The explosions continued to rumble outside.

The Golden Glazed Tower trembled more violently with every blow, and the cracks that began at the top were spreading fast.

Grace coughed up another mouthful of blood, her complexion growing even paler.

"Logan... if you don't finish absorbing it in time, we're both going to die here," she whispered, her voice laced with urgency and helplessness.

From the beginning, the outcome of this battle was never up to her.

She had done her part. The rest was in the hands of fate.

"Princess! The pagoda is breaking! You have to get to the secret chamber now!"

A group of female guards rushed into the courtyard, panic etched across their faces as they pleaded with her.

"It's no use. Once the pagoda's gone, the secret chamber won't protect me," Grace said, shaking her head.

She knew that with Zeus's divine perception, there was no escaping Mount Loxuia.

Hiding in a secret chamber might buy her a moment of safety—but it wouldn't change the final outcome.

Because if Zeus couldn't find the person controlling the pagoda, he'd just destroy the entire mountain.

And to a god-king like him, toppling a mountain wasn't difficult—it just took time.

If that happened, not only would she die, but Logan—who was still absorbing the Dracan essence—would die with her.

She still had hope. As long as she held out, there might be a chance.

"Princess! Let us take you through the back gate. We'll give our lives if we have to—just please escape the mountain!" the lead guard said firmly.

"I know your loyalty, but if you leave now, Logan will die. You can't buy me more time by sacrificing yourselves," Grace replied, turning them down again.

"Princess, you're not thinking straight! How could Lord Logan's life matter more than yours?" the lead guard exclaimed, growing desperate.

"You're wrong. Logan's life is far more important than mine," Grace said softly, her eyes calm.

"The Imperial Observatory has already read our fates. Logan and I are tied to Dragonmarsh's future. If I die, nothing really changes. I'm just one person. But if Logan dies, Dragonmarsh will lose 90% of its destined fortune. The consequences will be catastrophic—constant war, chaos, and endless suffering for our people."

She paused for a moment, then continued with a resolute tone:

"That's why... no matter what happens—even if it costs me my life—I *must* keep Logan safe."